THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, June* 4, 1808. [No. 33.

ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 12.

—

Surge Negas? instat, Surge inquit.
Non quæ Surge. PERSIUS.

VICE has so universally diffused itself through the world, that all arguments against it, and motives to virtue, are like to meet with little encouragement. The speculations which please the humours of my countrymen, will be more acceptable as they make them laugh, than others more serious as they cause them to reflect. But since virtue is of all other things the most important to our present and future felicity, and on the contrary vice the most detrimental; I choose rather to be thought dully sober, than foolishly merry; and shall make it my perpetual endeavour to strike at those irregularities which deform human life, and place them in the most odious view. Among these errors, as there is none of a more general malignance than *idleness*, so I shall make it the subject of the present paper.

When we consider man as formed by the hands of Omnipotence, and the skill of the most perfect wisdom, we may be certain the Divine Being proposed an end in his creation worthy himself: and what this end was may be easily known if we look into the powers and faculties of mankind. If we cast our thoughts upon a wide capacity to receive knowledge, and a will which is the seat of the most pure and elevated affections, we naturally infer they were given us to look into the several beauties of the Supreme Being, with the highest degrees of love and admiration.

As we think of our spirits which can shoot up to heaven in the twinkling of an eye, and traverse the immense fields of nature in a moment, we justly conclude we were designed for action, and that of the noblest sort. The members of our bodies were bestowed upon us to execute the several offices of life, and be subservient to the vivacity of our souls. The spirits which are of a superior order to us, as they are freed from the encumbrance of flesh, so their activity in the service of their creator flames out with an everlasting heat and brightness; and as the scripture in a lively manner expresses it, *they rest not day nor night.* The devils hurry forward their malicious designs with an unwearied vigour; and are patterns of the most surprising vigilance and industry. All nature drives in a continual flux, and we see nothing that is idle. Those vast luminaries which are suspended in the ether, dart about their influences to their respective systems, while the planets execute the divine orders with an

inconceivable whirl and rapidity.

The animal creation performs the several tasks nature has enjoined them. Even the ant and bee preach against the sloth and inactivity of the sluggard. The trees bend with fruit, the fields flourish with grass, and the gardens bloom with flowers; and action seems to be the universal musick to which all the works of God dance their various measures.

These things considered, we may be the better able to judge of the men of idleness as the only useless parts of the creation While all the world is stirring and active above and below them, they slumber away their existence in a stupid dream, and are the sole blanks in the great book of nature. How inconsiderable do they appear, set in the light of comparison with the rest of the universe. They can look upon no object that will not cover them with shame and confusion. The rational, animal, and vegetative creatures stare conviction upon them. The inanimate class of beings may be passively useful, and are made serviceable to mankind in a thousand instances, whereas they are so in none, but are a dull *caput mortuum*, the heavy and worthless dross of the species.

When once laziness is planted in the possession of our powers, it banishes thence every thing which is truly great and generous, and throws open a passage for the most enormous follies and vices to make their entrance. The idle man is an enemy to his fame, estate, country, his body and soul. He neglects the improvement of the brightest and best part of his composition; never reads any author so as to enable him to be one; nor exerts himself in any conspicuous enterprize that may transmit his fame down to the applauses of posterity. Fame is the reward of a strict course of virtuous and laudable actions, or the finished productions of a great genius, like a shade it waits upon the hero, the patriot, the good author, and the saint, while the idle and supine shall have their names blotted out in an eternal oblivion.

If a man of this sordid disposition enjoys an estate, it soon dwindles into nothing by his prodigality and carelessness. If he is poor he will remain so, and doze away a life in the most uncomfortable indigence. His country receives no benefit from his industry, and he is of no more significance to it, than if he did not exist. He is overcome at the least appearance of difficulty in its service, and had much rather be criminally easy than painfully beneficial. Besides, he has taken no care to qualify himself for public utility, and therefore is equally deficient in power and will. But not only is he of no use to, but presses as a load on the community which would have reason to rejoice were he dismissed out of life, and one of a more active spirit placed in his room. Nay he may be unspeakably detrimental to the commonwealth, as he scatters a wide diffusion of his distemper round about him, infects the whole circle of his acquaintance, and like the plague threatens universal ruin. Both physicians and divines condemn idleness as hurtful to the body. It is the parent of a great many distempers, it feeds the humour of melancholy, and as judgment upon it urges men to such vices as soon puts a period to their lives.

But it does the greatest damage of all to the mind. It fixes in the idle man's breast the stings of

most furious reflections, and wherever he goes makes his guilt keep him company, and wispers perdition in his ears.

It is the rust of the soul which eats up all its purity and brightness. It exposes it to the most vicious actions, to which it is hurried on by the grand seducer of mankind, and so clouds its sight that it cannot see the charms that glitter in the immortal crowns of glory, so that it prefers the false elysium of ease to the everlasting peace and serenity that springs from the vision of the most perfect of beings. But when an idle person gasps upon his death-bed, and is just breathing his soul into the vengeance of his judge, what horrors and convulsive agonies rack and torment him, and he must needs tremble to give an account of that life which has either been wasted in idleness, or spent in vice?

T

PLAYS ON THE SEPARATE PASSIONS.

IT has become somewhat fashionable of late years, in the dramatic world, to produce plays exemplifying a *particular* passion, by making the whole plot subservient to that end. Miss Baillie composed a series of plays which were published in 1802, the object of which was to illustrate the stronger passions of the mind, each in a tragedy and comedy. The merits of this peculiar plan have been doubted and discussed with great ability. It has been objected by a respectable writer that "such plans necessarily exclude many beauties, and insure nothing but constraint." Miss Baillie asserts, that striking delineation of character makes the peculiar interest of the drama; but the same writer remarks in opposition, that although that principle were admitted, it must then remain to be proved, that her plan would be most likely to insure its attainment.

"The peculiarity of that plan consists in limiting the interest of the piece, in a great degree, to the developement of some one great passion in the principal character, and in exhibiting this passion in all the successive stages of its progress, from its origin to its final catastrophe. It does not appear to us that either of these observances is well calculated to increase the effect of any dramatic production.

"If any thing more is meant by limiting the interest of the piece to the consequences of a single passion, than is implied in the vulgar rules for preserving unity of character and of action, we are inclined to think that something more is meant than can very easily be justified. The old maxims evidently require the predominancy of certain motives in the minds of the leading characters, and a certain consistency in the sympathies that are excited by their fortunes. To carry these restrictions still farther, and to confine the whole interest of the story to the developement of a single passion, seems to us to be altogether impracticable, and could not even be attempted, in a very imperfect degree, without violating that unity of action by which the general effect of the piece would be very materially impaired. To confine the attention, and tie down the sympathies to the observance of one master passion through a whole play, is plainly impossible; first, because that passion, in order to prove its strength, must have some other passion to encounter and overcome in the bosom where it is

at last to reign; and, secondly, because a certain portion of our sympathy must necessarily be reserved for the fate and the feelings of those who are the objects and the victims of this ruling passion in the hero.

"We cannot easily sympathize with a lover, unless we take some concern in the object of his attachment; and are seldom much offended by the oppressions of a tyrant, when we do not enter very warmly into the feelings of those whom he oppresses. The only way in which the interest we take in the story can be in any degree engrossed by the hero, is to provide him a succession of inferior patients and observers, through whom he moves in the grand career of his passion, and who are successively forgotten for the sake of those who replace them. By this contrivance, which is but seldom practicable, it is very obvious, however, that the interest of the piece is impaired and dissipated, and the unity of the action entirely broken.

"The peculiarity of Miss Baillie's plan, however, does not consist so much in reducing any play to the exhibition of a single passion, as in attempting to comprehend within it a complete view of the origin, growth, and consummation of this passion, under all its aspects of progress and maturity. This plan seems to us almost as unpoetical as that of the bard who begun the tale of the Trojan war from the egg of Leda; and really does not appear very well calculated for a species of composition, in which the time of the action represented has usually been more circumscribed than in any other. Miss Baillie, however, is of opinion, that it will turn out to be a very valuable discovery; and insists much upon the advantage that will be gained by adhering to it, both in the developemen of character, the increase of inter est, and the promotion of moral im provement. We are afraid tha these expectations are more san guine than reasonable.

"To delineate a man's character by tracing the progress of his ruling passion, is like describing his pe son by the yearly admeasuremen of his foot, or rather by a terml report of the increase of a wen, b which his health and his beau are ultimately destroyed. A ru ing passion distorts and deforms th character; and its growth, inste of developing that character mo fully, constantly withdraws mo and more of it from our vie The growth of the passion is n the growth of the mind; and i progress and symptoms are pre conform, in whatever subject may have originated. *Amor om bus idem*, at least, says the poe and it may fairly be admitted, th men become assimilated, by the common subjection to some mas passion, who had previously be distinguished by very opposite ch acters. To delineate charact therefore, by the progress of such passion, is like following a cloud smoke, in order to discrimin more clearly the objects that it e velopes.

"These considerations are very obvious, that though M Baillie has certainly talked a gr deal about tracing a passion fr its origin, we are persuaded th she really did not expect much sistance from this maxim in t delineation of character. She built, in general, upon a tr ground; and seems to have p ceived very clearly the method employing a predominating p sion, so as to give brilliancy effect to characteristic represen

tion. This method, which, however, is by no means new, consists principally in the occasional introduction of the passion, or peculiar turn of mind, in transactions of inferior moment, and in circumstances where it does not serve at all to help forward the action of the piece. By this apparently accidental disclosure of consistency, a stamp of nature and reality is given to the whole delineation; and the glimpses that are thus caught of the hero, in the course of his ordinary deportment, serve, in a manner, to confirm those impressions that had been excited by his more studied and imposing appearances. In private life, and on trifling occasions, the splendid drapery of the passions is usually laid aside; and, if we are permitted to look in upon them in this situation, we fancy that we recognize their genuine features with less uncertainty. If care be taken, therefore, to relieve the glare and pomp of the main action, by the insertion of a few such casual incidents, we seem to be let into the interior of the character, and attain a certain familiarity with the chief personages, that renders our conception of their whole character much more lively, entire, and impressive. It is upon this principle, that the effect of most of the fine strokes of nature and character, which occur in the writings of the poets, will be found to depend; and it is a principle, that has been quite familiar to criticism, ever since it was illustrated by the ancient commentators of Homer.

"But, though Miss Baillie has not overlooked this powerful instrument, for the developement of characteristic effect, there is another, of still greater importance, which appears to be, in a good measure, excluded by her doctrine of the unity of passion. The art to which we now allude, is that by which an appearance of individual reality is communicated to an ideal personage, and the functions of a dramatic hero assigned to a living being, with the whole of whose capacities and dispositions we are made to feel that we are acquainted. This poetical deception, however, can never be accomplished by the display of a single passion, and cannot even take place, we should imagine, where such a display is made the chief object of our attention. It is to be effected, indeed, only by an occasional neglect and intermission of the principal action, and of the passions by which that action is forwarded; by the introduction of arbitrary and inconsiderable occurrences, and slight and transient indications of habits, sentiments, and feelings, that could not have been inferred from the conduct or emotions of the chief characters in the greater incidents of the piece. By the plan of Miss Baillie, however, these subordinate and arbitrary traits of character appear to be in a great measure excluded. Her heroes are to be mere personifications of single passions; and the growth and varied condition of one grand feature is to be incessantly held out to our observation, while an impenetrable shade is to be spread upon all the rest of the physiognomy. Among the debasements of modern tragedy, against which Miss Baillie declaims with so much animation, there is, none, perhaps, so material as this, which her doctrine has so evident a tendency to sanction; nor is there any thing by which the writings of Shakespear, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are so remarkably

distinguished from those of the individual truth and completeness of their representations of character. They are all drawn with the full lineaments and just proportions of real men; and, while the qualities by which their conduct is to be determined are marked with sufficient boldness and vivacity, the subordinate attributes are not forgotten, by which we recognize them to be creatures like ourselves, and are enabled to attach our feelings upon some definite and tangible object.

"We cannot leave the subject without making one remark upon the spontaneous addition that is made to its difficulties, by the extraordinary resolution of making every separate passion the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. Passion, perhaps, is not essential to comedy at all; but the distribution of passions into tragical and comical, is so old, so obvious, and so natural, that we really are at a loss to conceive what strange caprice could have tempted this ingenious writer into so wanton a violation of it. A comedy upon hatred, sounds as paradoxical to our ears, as an elegy on a wedding, and implies as great a violation of all our customary associations. The constraint that must be submitted to, in order to make out this fantastic piece of uniformity, would deserve our most cordial compassion, if it were not assumed with a certain voluntary perversity: it would not be half so absurd in a manager to insist that all his performers should appear, every night, both in a tragic and a comic character.

"Upon the whole, then, we are pretty decidedly of opinion, that Miss Baillie's plan of composing separate plays upon the passions, is, in so far as it is at all new or original, in all respects extremely injudicious; and we have been induced to express this opinion more fully and strongly, from the anxiety that we feel to deliver her pleasing and powerful genius from the trammels that have been imposed upon it by this unfortunate system. It is paying no great compliment, perhaps, to her talents, to say that they are superior to those of any of her contemporaries among the English writers of tragedy; and that, with proper management, they bid fair to produce something that posterity will not allow to be forgotten. Without perplexing herself with the observances of an arbitrary system, she will find that all tragical subjects imply the agency of the great passions; and that she will have occasion for all her skill in the delineation of character, and all her knowledge of the human heart, although she should only aim (as Shakespear and Otway have done before her) at the excitation of virtuous sympathy, and the production of a high pathetic effect. Her readers, and her critics, will then discover those moral lessons which she is now a little too eager to obtrude upon their notice; and will admire, more freely, the productions of a genius, that seems less incumbered with its task, and less concious of its exertions."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Diogenes, hearing a son swear in presence of his father, struck the father, because *he taught him no better*. *Indignè vivit*, per quem non vivit et alter.

Pelopidas objected to Epaminondas, that he was an *unworthy* member of a commonwealth, because he left no child after him to defend it.

BACHELORS.

Trismegistus advised his son Tatius, to *have no commerce with a single man;* believing no bachelor could be honest. Georgius Wicelius thus concludes his *twenty-six* arguments in favour of marriage; *neminem posse neque piè vivere, neque benè mori citra uxorem.* No one can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.

MARRIAGE.

Twelve inducements to marriage are thus held out by an old author, Jacobus de Voragine.

1. *Res est? Habes, quæ tueatur et augeat.*
2. *Non est? Habes, quæ quæreat.*
3. *Secundæ res sunt? felicitas duplicatur.*
4. *Adversæ sunt? Consolatur, adsidet, onus participat ut tolerabile fiat.*
5. *Domi es? Solitudinis tædium pellit.*
6. *Foras?* Discedentem visu prosequitur, absentem desiderat, redeuntem læta accipit.
7. Nihil jucundum absque *societate; nulla societas* matrimonio suavior.
8. Vinculum conjugalis caritatis adamantinum.
9. Accrescit dulcis affinium turba; duplicatur numerus parentum, fratrum, sororum, nepotum.
10. *Pulchra sit prole parens.*
11. *Lex Mosis sterilitatem matrimonii execratur, quanto amplius celibatum.*
12. *Si natura pœnam non effugit,* ne voluntas quidem effugiet.

1. Have you *fortune?* You have, who can save and augment it.
2. Have you *none?* You have, who can seek it.
3. Are things *prosperous?* Your happiness is doubled.
4. *Adverse?* She consoles, aids, and lightens, by dividing the burthen.
5. Are you *at home?* She relieves the tedium of solitude.
6. *Abroad?* She follows you departing with her eye, desires you absent, and with joy greets you returning.
7. Nothing is pleasant without society no society sweeter than marriage.
8. The chain of conjugal tenderness is of adamant.
9. The sweet band of kindred increase; the number of parents, sisters, grandsons, is doubled.
10. You may be the father of beautiful offspring.
11. The law of Moses execrates the sterility of matrimony; how much more celibacy.
12. If Nature escape not punishment, your will cannot surely avoid it.

The above is fairly a logician's dilemma, and may be turned the other way, perhaps, with equal effect.

1. Res est? Habes, quæ expendat.
2. Non est? Mendicitas augetur.
3. *Secundæ* res sunt? Felicitas *finitur.*
4. Adversæ sunt? Sic onus intolerabile feeisti.
5. Domi es? Jurgiis lacessitus.
6. Foras? "Sapere aude," mane! Discedentem vigilat, absentem deridet, redeuntem excludit.
7. Nihil jucundum absque solitudine; nulla solitudo cœlibato suavior.
8. Vinculum conjugale adamantinum. Nulla spes libertatis; semper in vinculis!
9. Accrescit affinium turba. Cave conjugis amicis!
10. Proles pulcher sit aliena.
11. *Paulus* matrimonium comprobat, sed cœlibatum præponit.
12. Est matrimonum honorabile? Quanto plùs vita cœlebs?

1. Have you fortune? You have, who can spend it.
2. None? You are more a beggar than ever.
3. Are you in prosperity? Your happiness is ended.
4. In adversity? You have made the burthen intolerable.
5. At home? Heart sick with scolding.
6. Abroad? Dare be wise, and keep so. She watches you leaving her, ridicules you absent, and shuts the door on your return.
7. No tranquillity like solitude; no solitude like single life.
8. The marriage chain is of adamant: so much the worse. No hope of freedom; for ever in chains!

9 Thy kindred increase: Look to thy wife's friends!

10. The beautiful offspring may be another's.

11. By the law of Moses, the sterility of marriage was execrable; but an apostle of the gospel of grace, preferred celibacy to marriage itself.

12. If marriage be honourable, how much more single life?

The ladies, as Hamlet says, will *look on this picture and on this.* Is either like? Or are there not enough in the world, who could have sate for both?

A man by the name of LEMAITRE, born in Switzerland, at present about eighty three years old, resides at Chateaudun, in the department of Eure and Loire, of whom the following almost incredible instances of corporeal strength are narrated:

This second Milo carried on his shoulders, in the market-place of Chartres, a horse belonging to the heavy cavalry, to a considerable distance. Like his rival of Cretona, he checked in its career a carriage drawn by two horses, advancing at a smart trot; he drew after him, with one finger, twelve grenadiers, one holding the other by a handkerchief, and remained immoveable, notwithstanding their united efforts to throw him down. As active as he is strong and valiant, having been once called on to assist as one of the city guards, in the suppression of a riot at Versailles, he pursued one of the French guards who was reputed the most active man in the regiment, and having overtaken him, he killed him, by merely laying his iron hand on him for the purpose of stopping him. It was this event which established him at Chateaudun, as he was obliged to carry the taper of St. Lazarus to Vendome before he could obtain his pardon. During the Revolution he was thrown into prison, when this modern Sampson obtained his liberty, by carrying the doors of the prison to the Revolutionary Committee; ardent and generous in his friendship, he solicited the freedom of his companions in misfortune. Bentabole at that time traversed the department of Eure and Loire, invested with unlimited power; Lemaitre informed of it, followed him post haste, and overtook him on the road; his carriage being stuck fast in a slough up to the axletree, he creeps under it, raises it up, frees it from the slough, and as a reward for his services obtains the liberty of his fellow-prisoners. A fire took place at Chateaudun, horses harnessed to grapplings tugged in every direction, but in vain; he unharnesses them, seizes the ropes himself, and immediately the wall gives way, and the fire is stopped. In an insurrection on account of the high price of corn, the rioters attempted to seize the municipality, of which body he was a member; he coolly stepped forward, and swimming through the tumultuous waves, he brought down dozens of them to the ground. He was insulted at his own door by some national guards, who drew their sabres against him; he laid hold of one of the most impertinent among them and wielding him as he would a club, soon brought the whole party to their senses. About eight years ago, he supported three men on the calf of one of his legs, which was bent, and at arms length lifted up a grenadier by the waist. We should never end were we to recount all the instances of his strength; his athletic form be-

speaks his extraordinary vigour; and when nature shall determine to break one of the noblest of her works, science may, possibly, claim possession of so fine a subject as a *chef d' œuvre* for the study of miology. *(Paris Paper.)*

SONNETS.

BY REV. W. L. BOWLES.

"Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
And wood; I think of those that have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen; and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
Ah! beauteous views, that hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!"

O poverty! though from thy haggard eye,
Thy cheerless mein, of every charm bereft,
Thy brow that hope's last traces long have left,
Vain fortune's feeble sons with terror fly,
I love thy solitary haunts to seek—
For pity, reckless of her own distress;
And patience, in the pall of wretchedness,
That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek;
And piety, that never told her wrong;
And meek content, whose griefs no more rebel;
And genius, warbling sweet her saddest song;
And sorrow list'ning to a lost friend's knell,
Long banish'd from the world's insulting throng;—
With thee, and thy unfriended offspring, dwell."

POPE.

YOU have probably seen Pope, says that able writer John Foster, cited as a christian poet by some pious authors, whose anxiety to impress reluctant genius into an appearance of favouring christianity, has credulously seized on any occasional verse, which seemed an echo of the sacred doctrines. No reader can admire, more than I, the discriminate thought, the finished execution, and the galaxy of poetical felicities, by which Pope's writings are distinguished. But I cannot refuse to perceive, that almost every allusion in his lighter works to the names, the facts, and the topics, that peculiarly belong to the religion of Christ, is in a style of profane banter; and that, in most of his graver ones, where he meant to be dignified, he took the utmost care to divest his thoughts of all the mean vulgarity of christian associations. "Off, ye profane!" might seem to have been his address to all evangelical ideas, when he began his Essay on Man; and they were obedient, and fled. I do not know in what manner that Essay was attacked by Crousaz, or defended against him; but it appears obviously enough, after detaching the detail and illustrations, so as to lay bare the outline and general principles, that it is an elaborate attempt to redeem the whole theory of the condition and interests of men, both in life and death, from all the explanations imposed on it by an unphilosophical revelation from heaven. And in the happy riddance of this despised though celestial light, it exhibits a sort of moon-light vision, of thin impalpable abstractions, at which a speculatist may gaze, with a dubious wonder whether they are realities or phantoms, but

which a practical man will in vain try to seize and turn to account, and which an evangelical man will disdain to accept in substitution for those applicable and affecting forms of truth with which his religion has made him conversant. But what deference to christianity was to be expected, when such a man as Bolingbroke was the genius whose inspiration was to illuminate, and the demigod* whose approbation was to crown, the labours which were to conjoin these two venerable names according to the wish of the poet, in everlasting fame ?

* He is so named somewhere in Pope's works.

A lady expressing her surprise on seeing Dr. Parr, at breakfast, cutting slice after slice of a huge gammon of Yorkshire bacon ; the Doctor first taking a draught of Porter, (which with a pipe, forms constantly a part of his morning repast) replied—You will not deny, madam, that mine is a *literary* breakfast, when you reflect that I am making *extracts from Bacon.*

Steele was in the Coldstream regiment under Colonel Cutts, when a brother officer communicated to him an intention of challenging a person who had fallen under his displeasure, and was diverted from his purpose by what Steele said to him on the subject. Some of this young officer's companions led him afterwards into a belief that Steele's decision of this affair had been warped by his partiality for the real or supposed offender, whose character had eventually been raised at the expense, as they said, of the other's honour. This villainous, or ill-judged misrepresentation produced a challenge on Steele himself, who was just at the time recovering of a fever, and endeavoured by raillery and reasoning to divert it in vain. Confiding in his own superiority, and imagining he could chastise the youth's insolence without endangering his life, he ultimately accepted the challenge, in contradiction to his avowed principles and his heart. They met by appointment ; and Steele's buckle breaking as he tightned his shoe, he took occasion to urge this fresh disadvantage, and renewed his endeavours to induce the challenger to desist, with as little success as before. He parried his adversary's thrusts for some time ; but at last, in a well-meant attempt to disable him, he unfortunately ran the young man through the body, who lingered some time in danger of his life from the wound, but in the end happily recovered. Lord Cutts, who was at this time Steele's colonel, espoused his cause very warmly when this affair was much agitated, and while the youth continued in a desperate condition. It is supposed to have been during this painful interim that Steele put together the materials for his twenty-fifth number of the Tatler, although the paper was not published till nearly two years afterwards.

Addison, before he commenced his Spectators, had amassed materials with the assiduity of a student. Young, in his poetical epistle to Tickell, alluding to Addison's Spectators, says,

" A *chance amusement* polished half an age.

But it has been since discovered that the reverse is the fact ; for Addison had collected his materials to the amount of three folio volumes.

By the close application which Addison gave, when at college, to the study of the Greek and Roman classics, "he caught," says Mr. Tickell, "their language and manner, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good-breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but it is seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilise the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too fond of the unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a greater demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to the propriety of thought and chastity of style."

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

By the premature death of Dr. George Gregory, the literary world have suffered an irreparable loss. He had in the previous week put a finishing hand to two volumes of elegant Letters to his Son on Literature and Composition, part of which had been printed, and will of course be given to the world without loss of time. In the week of his decease, there had appeared, from his pen, two useful volumes of Lectures to Young Persons on Experimental and Natural Philosophy. The publication of the Bible, with notes, in the manner of the variorum classics, and with engravings from the designs of the great masters, will necessarily be suspended for a short time; and of course it is intended to place the materials for completion, in hands, capable, in the literary sense, and equally sound and unexceptionable in matters of opinion.

Mr. Donevan has announced some particulars of an extraordinary nature respecting one of the mountains of Wales, which he endeavours to demonstrate to have been at some remote period a volcano of immense magnitude. This is Cader Idris in Merionethshire, which in size is not exceeded by any mountain in the Principality, except Snowdon. The general aspect of the crater is exactly that of Mount Vesuvius, only one of its sides is broken down, so that the abyss of this funnel-shaped mountain is more completely disclosed than in the latter. It is this side of Cader Idris that affords the most illustrative examples of porous stones, which form immense beds on the declivities, only a few inches in many instances below the surface of the earth. Many of these porous stones exhibit evident marks of strong ignition and vitrification; some are reduced to the state of slags, while others have all the cellular appearance and lightness of pumice. The summit of the mountain is covered with an immense wreck of stones, supposed to have been ejected from the crater at the time of the explosion. Myriads of these stones have borne a regular crystallized form; their usual length is, from three to six and ten feet; some measure even fifteen or twenty, and one, in particular, which Mr. Donevan observed, was twenty-two feet three inches long. The substance of these crystals is of the basalt kind, being the porphyry slate, or clinkstone porphyry of Jamieson.

DOMESTIC.

A new paper is established at Haverhill, N. H. entitled the "*Coos Courier.*"

"*The Literary Mirror,*" devoted entirely to Literature, is commenced at Portsmouth, by Stephen Sewall.

A new edition of Henry's *Epitome of Chemistry* is published by Collins, Perkins and Co. N. York—price 3 dollars.

Mr. Davis of Petersburg, Virginia, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription an Indian Tale, entitled the Massacre of the Virginian Planters. It were needless to observe that this event forms one of the most prominent epochs in early American History.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

LINES,

On the death of Miss NANCY CALDER.

To wake the muse, to sing elegiac lays,
In sad concordance with the weeping lyre.
Sweet Sympathy must chaunt in solemn praise,
And lend her aid benignant to inspire.

While yet in early youth serenely bright,
She shone with cheering rays, resplendent round,
While yet in Virtue's path, she gave delight;—
Sad Death; 'Insatiate archer,' gave the wound.

Too soon was a bright Sun eclips'd in shade;
And bow'd in shrouded night's mysterious gloom,
Too soon alas! was innocence inlaid,
Deep in the sad recesses of the tomb.

Say, was it vice to wear an angel form
While human yet and fading here below;
Dispensing pleasure with the ethereal morn,
Giving to friendship's smile a brighter glow?

But Terror's king ne'er yet explain'd his rule,
Nor answer'd human question of his sway;
The secret's hid, and can be bro't to light
But by the effulgence of an endless day.

Then dry those tears! for innocence has flown,
An angel's form has ta'en an angel's wing;
To her Redeemer's heavenly mansion come,
Where holy praises sister angels sing.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

BY A KINSIDE.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbru'd:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the trai
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrors form the rear!

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unbless'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspi
To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame
With social love restrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains.

Let universal candor still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
To injure human kind.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By E. G. Hoven, No. 5, Court Stre

MONTHLY LIST
OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MAY.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Josiah H. Vose, to Miss Charlotte Cushing; Mr. Aaron P. Cleveland, to Miss Abigail Salisbury, daughter of Sam'l S. Esq.; Mr. Horatio' Bass, mer. to Miss Sophia Lovering; Mr. Joseph W. Lewis, to Mis Ann Lane; Mr. Benj. Whitwell, to Miss Lucy C. Scollay; Mr. William Kemlo, to Miss Eliza Bemis; Mr. William Wells, jun. to Miss Frances Foot; Mr Stephen Bean, Esq. to Miss Susan Hubbart; Mr. Robert Smallpeace, of Boston, to Miss Hannah Stephens, of Amherst, (N. H.); Mr. John Holt, to Mrs. Polly Oakman; Mr. Wm. Hall, to Miss Eliza Green Kenny; Mr. Richard Hodges, to Miss Hannah Hammond.

In Concord, Mr. Seth Bemis, of Watertown, to Miss Sarah Wheeler, of the former place—In Woburn, Benjamin F. Baldwin, Esq. to Miss Mary C. Coolidge—In Hopkinton, Mr. Joshua Bean, of Boston, to Miss Mary Freeland, of H.—In Bristol, (R. I.) Capt. James H. Adams, of Medfield, (Ms.) to Miss Sally M Walton—In Liberty-town, (Mary.) Capt. Alexander C. Harrison, of the U. S. navy, to Miss Catharine Owens—In Castine, David Howe, Esq. to Miss Sarah Whitney: Mr. Henry Whitney, to Miss Lucy Perkins—In Augusta, Thomas Adams Hill, Esq. of Vassalboro', to Miss Nancy Davis, of Sidney—In Scituate, Mr. Richard Boylston, to Miss Eunice Stetson, both of Charleston—In Salem, Mr. Dixy Morgan, to Miss Jane Daniels—In Gallo-Europe, 9th March, the Prince of Neufchatel, (Gen. BERTHIER), Vice-Constable of France, to the Princess ELIZABETH of Bavaria—In Amherst, (N. H.) Mr. John Eaton, mer. of Boston, to Miss Lucy Ro—In Billerica, Mr. Joseph Bond, jun. of Wilmington, to Miss Lucy Davis of Billerica—In Charlestown, Mr. Ensign Lincoln, of Boston, to Miss Sophia Oliver Parkin—In Dorchester, Mr. Zenas Eaton, to Miss Patty Wentworth—In Hingham, Dorchester, Mr. Benjamin Jacobs, to Miss Jemima Foster—In Providence, Rev. Mr. Benedict, of Pawtucket, to Miss Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stephen Gano—In Nantucket, Mr. Benj. Pell, of N. Y. aged 69, to Miss Susan Folger, aged 24—In Boxford, Capt. Ebenezer Lord, of Ipswich, to Mrs. Lucy Low—In Salem, Mr. Nathaniel Heard, to Miss Mary Glover—Mr. John Emerton, to Miss Anna Hoyt—In St. Lucar, (Spain), March 14th, William Jarvis, Esq. U. S. Consul at Lisbon, to Miss Mary Sparhawk, daughter of N. Sparhawk, esq. of Kittery, (Ms. — In Providence, Rev. Caleb J Tenny, to Miss Ruth Channing—In Dorchester, Mr. Robert B. Tolman, to Miss Mary Walker —In Marblehead, Capt. George Baker, to Miss Rebecca Lewis—In Brigham, (Eng.) 29th March, Miss Mary Robinson, alias Hatfield, (the famous Buttemore beauty) to Mr Richard Harrison, husbandman—In New York, Silas Talbot, Esq. to Mrs. Eliza Pintard—In Salem, Capt. Wm. Landor, jun. to Miss Mary Jenks—In Norfolk, Capt. Wm Purrington, of Kennebunk, to Miss Elizabeth Lawrence—In Mason, (N. H.) Mr. James Snow, to Miss Esther Heald, of Shirley, (Ms.)—In Hingham, the Rev. Perez Lincoln, of Gloucester, to Miss Joanna Q. Loring, of Hingham —In Brookline, Mr. John Hovey, mer. of Cambridge, to Miss Anna Gardner, daughter of the late Mr. Caleb G. of the former place.

DIED,

In this town, Catharine Robinson Walker, aged 8 years; Miss Abby F. Brydia; Mrs. Hannah M'cKean 64; Deac. Henry Hunter, 64; Miss Phebe Nash, 60; Mr. Elijah Caswell, 58; Mr. Joseph Long, 42; Mr. Henry Hill Hammatt, 27; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Thomas Holland, 65; Miss Charlotte Hill, 19, adopted daughter of Capt. Joseph Gleason; Mrs. Abigail Baldwin, 27; Mr. Henry Stephens,

87; Miss Hannah Pope Balch, daughter of the late Joseph B. jun. 10y. Thomas Swain Rea, son of Pelctiah R. 17mo.; Mrs Elizabeth Fredericks, 67; Mrs. Sally Greanleaf, 29, wife of Mr. John G.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, 24, wife of Mr. John H.; Mr. Ebenezer Ross, 31; Mrs Mary, wife of Mr. Abel Robinson, sen. 68; Mr. Samuel Torrey, 59; Eliza Ann, daughter of Capt. John Dogget, 3y.

In Nassau. (N. P.) Mrs Catharine, wife of Dr John Coakley—In Charleston, a few weeks since, a child. 4y.; she complained of loss of sight, and expired in a quarter of an hour afterwards: Upon opening the body a quantity of wild jasamine flowers (*bignonia semper virens*) was found in her stomach, which she had swallowed while at play, and which no doubt occasioned her death—In Baltimore, (executed,) David and Caleb Daugherty, Wm. Robinson, and Wm. Morris; all foreigners; executed for the murder of one of the prison keepers in attempting to break gaol In N. York. Mr. Restore Bullock, author of Ethick Diversions:—In Staten-island, Paul Micheau, Esq for many years first judge of Richmond county—In Beliz, (bay of Honduras) Mrs Eliza Hunt, 32; and Mrs. Marcy Robson 27; late of this town. and sisters to Mr. Nahum Piper—In Charleston, John Minot, Esq factor, 44; Mr. Antoine Vigie, 56—In Newburg, Benj. Woods, Esq U. S. att'y for the district of N. Carolina: In N Guilford, (C.) Rev. Thomas B. Wells, 70, and in the 42d year of his ministry—In Hinesburg, (Vt.) Capt Isaac Bostwick 78; an officer in the revolutionary war—In Biddeford, Hon. Richworth Jordan, 89—In Scituate, Widow Jane Palmer, nearly 102 years old; she retained the faculties of sight, hearing, memory, &c to the last—In Boxford, Dea. Stephen Symonds, 80—In N Orleans, Lt Ballard of the U. S. navy—In Philadelphia, Samuel M. Fox, Esq. President of the bank of Pennsylvania—In North Woodstock, (Con.) Mr. Jona. Lee, 36; killed instantly, by a flash of lightning—In Richmond, (N. H.) James Balou, a noted 'conjurer'—Near George's Island drowned, Mr. Ebenezer Tolman of Dorchester, 36—In Braintree, Mr. John Waldo, 20—In Salem, Mrs. Mehitible Hewes 73; Mr. Joseph French, 23.

In Denmark, 13th March, 1808. CHRISTIAN VII. King of Denmark and Norway; born 29th Jan. 1749: He had been *politically* dead for many years. FREDERICK VII. the Crown Prince was proclaimed King on the 16th March. born 28th Jan 1768—Near London, (E.) Mr. John Rice, formerly organist of Trinity Church, in N York In Charleston Mr. Joseph Grant: Mrs. Dorcas Fritts—In Canaan, (N. Y.) Mr. Ascahel Fuller while preparing a stick of timber at a raising, he accidentally fell upon a two-inch chisel, which perforated his body, and occasioned his death—In West-Springfield Mrs Lucy, wife of Col Benjamin Day, and, a few days after, Col. D. 83—In Salem, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Nathan Kimball, 70—In Hingham, Mrs. Hannah, relict of Mr. Gilbert Hersey, 60—In Roxbury, John Gergaud, 37—In Trinidad Capt. Robert H. Major, son-in-law of the late Capt. John Meader, of Greenland (N. H.); his wife is now in London—In Philadelphia, Mrs. Ann Maitland—In Pittsgrove, (N. J.) Dr. Isaac Harris, 63—In N. Y. Mr. Hugh Walker, a native of Ireland: Miss Louisa La Latour, 18, of Martinico; by the bursting of a boiler vessel—In New-London, Col Richard Deshon, 76—In Newport, Elder William Bliss, pastor of the Sabbatarian church—In Providence, Mrs Sarah, wife of Capt. John Waller, 85—In Warwick, Mr. Henry Essex, 84—In Johnston, Mrs. Mary, wife of Abraham Belknap, jun. Esq. 44—In Tiverton, Mr. John Almy, 89—In Middleboro' (Vt.) Mr. Edward Martindale—In Lyme, N. H. Mrs. Mary Dodge—In Portland Dr. Aaron Kinsman, 4—In Marblehead John, son of Mr. Edward Fettyplace, 19—In Salem, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Samuel Lang, 28; Mr. John Gowen, 25; Mr. Alexander Smith, a native of Charleston S. C.—In Dorchester 13th inst Widow Mary Bird, 82—Drowned between Darien and St. Mary's, by the up-setting of the mail-boat, two Men who had previously been in Charleston soliciting contributions for the Convent of St. Gothard: The body of one of them has been found, with about 200 dollars gold—In Hillsboro', a child of Mr. John Hase; choaked by a bean—In Portsmouth harbor, drowned, Mr. Benjamin Sweet, mer. 49—In Westford, Mr. Henry Thorp, 18; by the accidental discharge of a gun—In Waltham, 12th inst Mrs. Susanna, wife of Mr. John Hancock, 83; a native of England.

Near Petersburg, Russia, Col. Von Wissenjew: killed in a duel with Col.

Chreptowitseh: They had long lived in habits of friendship, were both enamoured of a lady, and had each offered his addresses to her unknown to the other: She preferred the Count; but he, on being apprised of his friend's pretensions, waved the advantage of her preference, and very romantically proposed to decide their claims by single combat: They met in consequence; and on the first fire, Col. Von A. was shot through the heart—In London, Admiral Ranier, late commander in chief in the East Indies, and M. P. for Sandwich: Mr. Alcock, lecturer on the human body in the Lyceum: Mr. Ledger, of Cov. Gard. Theatre: Mr Benj Galdsmid, suicide, brother and partner of Mr Abraham G.: it is said he left £600,000; In England Wm. Foley Esq. of Shepherton; killed in a duel by Wm. Hammond, Esq.; the jury's verdict, manslaughter, and he was sentenced to be confined twelve months in the county gaol, and branded in the hand—In Chelmsford, Eng. Miss Eve, and Miss Woolmer; two young ladies, who perished in a late dreadful fire in that place: Their funeral was conducted with peculiar solemnity: 24 young ladies, habited in white preceded the coffins; the pall was supported by 12 young ladies, in white dresses and hoods supported by the same number of young men in black with white hatbands—In Dublin. Elizabeth. Countess Dowager of Moira, 76; the third wife of the late Earl of Moira—In Hayti, Rear. Admiral M'Culloch, in the service of Christophe:—Bandes, chief artillerist to Petion—In Martinico, Capt. Elisha Small, formerly of Newburyport—In Lake Maurepas, N. Orl. Ter Mrs. Neale, wife of Capt. Neale, of Gun-boat No. 13, by the upsetting of said boat—In Baltimore, Mr. Francis Menier, 37, a native of France—in Providence, Mr, Recompence Healy—In Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Lunt, 32—In Rowley, Mr. Humphrey Hobson, 51—In Bridgewater, Mr. Jennet Bryant, 37, on her birth-day, and within a few moments of the same hour as that of her birth—In Chambly, Canada, Mrs. Ann, wife of Lt. Col. G. Gordon, of 60th reg't In Baltimore, Mr. Archibald Dobbin, sen 72. a native of Ireland—In Jaffry, Mr. John Wilson, 39; he had for several years travelled the country, mending kettles, &c—In Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Benj. Beckford, 82—In Waltham, Mr. Samuel Barnes 33—In Charlestown, Mr. Simon Hunt 32.

At Ipswich, May 9th, Mis Sarah Cogswell, Æt. 31.

"That life is long, which answers life's great end."

We sigh at the loss of the elegant, and mourn the death of the splendid. But we should remember, that elegance may dazzle more than it enlightens, and splendour endanger simplicity. The useful have the first claims to regard; and to do good is the noblest object, that can sanctify ambition. To utility was the eye of the deceased invariably and steadily directed, till, from the steadfastness of its gaze, it languished in death. Far from cherishing for what the world call elegant the sullenness of contempt Miss Cogswell shewed all that attention to person, which delicacy prompted, without any of that servility which dignity despised. With remarkable equanimity of temper and cheerfulness of demeanour, her deportment charmed, while it corrected, and the smile, that interested, enforced the moral that improved. She thought woman formed for the flowret of the vale; and her aim had a humble coincidence with that of her Creator, in giving fragrance to its shade. Her mind gleamed in retirement, and with a radiance, so chastened, it seemed rather gentle, than brilliant. The little circle of her acquaintance have felt its influence purify and enlighten. Whenever it spontaneously flashed, her correctness would restrain its extravagance. Her disposition glowed with benevolence; and humility hallowed her heart. She sought peace, where alone it can be found, in the bosom of purity; and was blest with the conciousness that it dwelt in her own. She knew life, in the language of Pindar, to be "the dream of a shadow," and closed her eyes without regret on the vision. Her religion was that *new commandment* of grace, "*love one another;*" and the firmness of her faith was best evinced by the excellence of her works! Her fortitude was uncommon; and for weeks before her dissolution, she lay conscious who it was she beheld with calmness and even pleasantness of countenance, looked death in the face. She *filled up the measure of her days with usefulness.* She lived in the faithful discharge of every relative duty, however arduous, and died, having fully answered the object of her creation.

But we would not disturb the meekness of her spirit by a recapitulation of what were her living virtues. they repose in the hope of the gospel on

"*The bosom of*" *her* "*father and*" *her* "*God*"

At Windham, (Con.) in an advanced age, Col. Thomas Dyer, a distingished officer of the late revolutionary army. In the memorable retreat through New-Jersey, he was among those to whom was assigned the post of honor, or bringing up the rear, which was admirably conducted. A long exposure, however, without other covering than the canopy of heaven, sapped the foundations of health, which were never afterwards re-established. He was a worthy citizen, an excellent companion, and an honest man.

Drowned in the river Delaware, on the 6th ult. by the upsetting of a boat in a sudden flaw of wind, Mr. Thomas Y. Humphreys, (son of Mr. James Humphreys, of Philadelphia, printer and bookseller,) in the 21st year of his age

At Cornwall, (Vt.) on the 30th ult. Mrs. Rebecca Clarke, aged 106 years. This is the most remarkable instance of longevity which has ever been known perhaps in this state. She lived to see the fifth generation in her own family. Her posterity is supposed to be between two and three thousand. She retained her intellectual faculties to a degree very remarkable for such an uncommon age. She could hear, see and converse, although with considerable difficulty. Her bodily strength continued to the last. and she was able to walk across the house the day preceding her death. Although her death was sudden, it was not occasioned by any particular disease, nor accompanied with any observable pain. Nature, worn out and exhausted, met without a struggle, the dissolution to which it had been long and gradually approaching.

In Eng. James Paull, Esq. the late candidate for Westminster.—His fortune, which was never considerable, had been very much injured by electioneering expences; his disappointment in his political career, preyed upon his spirits, and desperate circumstances drove him to the gambling table, where he risqued largely, and became a loser to a large amount. The dreadful act appears to have been meditated for some time, and was effected between four and five o'clock on Friday afternoon. Mr. Paull possessed great pride, an ardent mind, and his temper was considerably soured by his disappointments, both in public and private life His expectations appear to have been all disappointed, and his circumstances were, from losses at play, and a liberality approaching to profusion, altogether irreparable, when he rushed into the presence of his Creator.

At Escrick, near York, John Strangeways, in the one hundred and first year of his age; the greater part of which he passed in the service of the worthy proprietors of that estate the Thompsons He scarcely ever had a day's illness, and used to say that he was born on St James's day, 1707.

At Middleton-Tyas, in the North Riding, Barbara Mackuay, aged one hundred and two years. She was born in the county of Northumberland of respectable parents, tenants of the late unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. During her long life she enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and retained possesion of all her faculties to the last.

At Silsden Moor, near Skipton, Mrs. Catterson, relict of Silvester C. gent aged one hundred and two. She retained her faculties to the last.

At the collegiate church in Manchester, last year, there were three thousand two hundred and eighty-one baptisms, eight hundered and fifty burials, and one thousand four hundred and fifteen marriages.

Aged 54, Mr. John Lincoln, merchant, whose death was occasioned by imprudently plunging his feet into cold water, during a paroxism of the gout.

At an obscure lodging in Ratcliff Highway, where he fell a victim to poverty and disease, Mr. William Henry Hall compiler of the Encyclopedia, in 3 volumes which bear his name, and author of several other works.

In London, M. Le Comte de Feutiere formerly a colonel of distinguished merit in the service of Louis XVI. He was found lifeless in his apartment.

Gerard Lord Viscount Lake, a general in the army, Colonel of the 80th foot Governor of Plymouth, and treasurer of the Dutchy of Cornwall. He was a member of the Court Martial on Lieut. Gen. Whitelock, where he caught a fever which carried him off in a few days.